

Not Goodbye

by kaly

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Summary: Harm is getting ready to leave for Pensacola, has everything been said? HarmMac shipper alert.

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Title: Not Goodbye Author: Kaly (razrbkr@juno.com) Homepage:

<http://www.geocities.com/Area51/Shadowlands/5579> Rating: PG Archive: who wants it? Ask me please. Warnings: Harm/Mac relationship fic

Spoliers: Goodbyes Notes: My first JAG fic. This could be considered an experiment because a friend kept bugging me. You know who you are *lol* And the title resembling the finale's name was pure accident, I assure you :-) Summary: Harm is preparing to leave for Pensacola, has everything been said? Feedback: *waves hand* you will click reply on your email. Did it work? Ah, well, dang it. He he, wanna write me back anyway? :-) Disclaimer: These characters aren't mine. I'm making no money from this story, so... Please don't sue!

Not Goodbye

A sudden storm had descended on the DC area, and while Harmon Rabb was busy securing his belongings, rain continued to sheet down the windows.

His was due in Pensacola early the next day, and not for the first time he was regretting putting off the chore of packing up his apartment. For the time being he was going to keep his apartment, he had already paid for the next two months. For some reason, he couldn't bring himself to completely let go of his life in Virginia.

Another box packed, he taped the flaps down and placed the box in the closet. Returning to the living room, he glanced around. The familiar touches was gone, the surfaces finally bare.

A flash of lightning lit up the night sky outside, and Harm glanced

toward the window. It was something else, however, that captured his attention. Sitting on the windowsill was a small plastic Tomcat. Harm smiled, and walked over to the window and picked up the small toy plane.

He clearly remembered the day that Mac had given it to him. They had been working together for some time when she had stuck her head into his office.

"Hey, Harm?" Mac said, careful to hold the package behind her back.

Looking up, Harm waved her into the office. "Come on in, Mac." He looked at her for a moment before adding, "You're up to something."

"Me?" she asked, not quite managing to sound innocent.

Harm nodded. "Yeah, you. What's going on?"

Pulling the package from behind her back, she said, "A little bird named Bud happened to slip up about your birthday being recently." Mac handed him the package and sat down on one of the chairs by his desk.

"You didn't have to get me anything," he said, taking the gift.

Mac laughed, "It's not like it's that much, Harm. Just something I saw that reminded me of you, Fly-Boy."

"Thanks . . . I think," he replied, a glint of humor in his eyes. Taking a moment to examine the gift, he started opening it.

Mac laughed again, shaking her head. "Were you always so neat and proper about opening gifts? You must have been a riot at Christmas."

"I'll have you know," Harm replied, tearing into the rest of the paper, "that I was always the life of the party at Christmas."

"Uh, huh," Mac replied, managing not to laugh.

Opening the box, Harm dug through the filler paper, and pulled out a small Tomcat. "Do you like it?" Mac asked a few moments later.

Harm tore his gaze from the plane to his partner. "It's great, Mac."

"I know you can't fly a real one," she explained. "And I know it isn't the same, but I thought maybe you could keep a piece of the air in your office."

Harm smiled. "Thanks, Mac."

"You're sure? I wasn't sure if it would upset you," Mac said. "I know you'd rather be on a carrier somewhere than JAG."

Shaking his head, he disagreed. "It doesn't upset me. Sometimes it's

nice to remember flying, even though I can't be active anymore."

Mac nodded and stood. "Now, Commander. I need to get back to work, and you I believe are supposed to be working on the Anderson case."

"Aye-aye, Major," Harm replied with a grin. Mac was almost out the door when he added, "And Mac?" When she turned, he said, "I am where I'd rather be."

Mac nodded, but didn't comment as she left his office.

Harm smiled, and sat the toy down on the counter. It was only one of the countless times that Mac had managed to brighten his day. He closed his eyes briefly, remembering the sight of tears in her eyes that afternoon. However, they had already said their goodbyes, he reminded himself.

Running his hands through his hair, he went back to packing what was left. It was an hour later when he looked at Mac's gift. He had lost count of the number of times he had glanced over at it in that hour.

Walking across the apartment, Harm picked up the telephone and started to dial Mac's number. He was half-way through dialing the number when he glanced at his watch. It was almost midnight, he realized, and hung up the phone.

Looking over at his bags, Harm realized that he was finally finished packing what he was taking with him to Pensacola. All that remained was the last minute things that needed put up around the apartment itself.

Mac, meanwhile, had finished getting ready for bed an hour before. Instead of going to sleep as she had planned, she sat next to the window sipping hot chocolate. It was late in the year to be drinking cocoa, but it was a cool night for spring so she figured why not.

She found herself wondering if Harm was getting any sleep at all. Mac smiled, remembering how excited he had been about being reinstated to active flight duty. Tears, however, diminished the smile as she recalled how dull the JAG offices would be with him gone.

Sniffing, she wiped the moisture away from the corners of her eyes. She still regretted letting Harm see her so upset earlier that day, and even alone she wasn't ready to deal with the sudden absences that both his and Chloe's leaving had caused. Holding the mug tighter, Mac sighed, watching the rain as it fell outside.

She had been sitting there for a while longer when she glanced over at the telephone. Mac started to pick the phone up and call Harm, but decided against it. She knew that he was either asleep or busy; and either way, they had already said their goodbyes.

A few minutes later, her head jerked up when someone knocked on the door. Standing, she tightened the belt on her robe and placed the mug down on a table. Walking to the door, she absentmindedly ran a hand through her hair.

"Who is it?" she asked, looking through the peek hole.

"It's me, Mac," Harm replied.

Mac pulled the door open, fighting a smile. "Harm, you're soaking wet," she said, standing back so he could walk into the apartment.

"Gee, thanks Mac. I wouldn't know what to do without those Marine observational skills of yours," he replied with a grin. "I didn't wake you did I?"

"No, I was up." Closing and locking the door, Mac took his jacket.

After hanging up his jacket, she turned and asked, "What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be dreaming about Tomcats by now?" She gestured toward the couch, adding, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong, Mac," he said, sitting down on the couch. "I wasn't going to come over, but I just couldn't leave it like we did this afternoon."

Mac sat next to him, and placed a hand on his arm. "You don't have to worry about me, Sailor."

"You, Mac?" he asked with a grin that made Mac's heart beat faster.
"Never."

Managing a grin, removed her hand and asked, "So, have you packed everything?"

Harm nodded, "Everything that I can. I'm ready for my flight to the NAS."

"That's good," Mac said, her voice dropping to almost a whisper. "I know you can't wait to get back in the sky."

"It's something I've been dreaming about for years," Harm replied.
"More a feeling than a rationalization."

Mac smiled, and nodded. "I know."

Harm raised a hand to brush her hair away from her face. "That's what makes you different, Mac. You always do know."

"The Admiral might disagree with you there," she replied, fighting the urge to lean into his touch. "My record this past year has been iffy at best."

Harm shook his head, "Never with me."

"Even when I got drunk and tore into you?" Mac asked, looking into his eyes and seeking the truth.

Harm again shook his head, "You were hurting. I didn't see it, and that's my fault."

Mac looked at him with confusion in her dark eyes. "How was it your fault? I chose to drink when I knew I shouldn't."

Harm closed his eyes for a moment, and dropped his hand. "I have something for you," he said, changing the subject and walking over to where his jacket hung.

"Harm?" Mac asked, watching as he dug in one of the pockets. Hiding the object behind his back, Harm walked back over to the couch. "You didn't have to get me anything," she said once he sat back down.

"Close your eyes, will ya, Mac?" he asked. Once her eyes were closed, but only after a sideways glance, he said, "Now hold out your hands."

Mac laughed despite herself. "Why don't I trust you?"

"You should always trust your partner, Mac," Harm said with a laugh, but winced as he realized what he had said. "Here," he said, placing the hidden object in her hands.

"Can I open my eyes now?" Mac asked, ignoring the hurt in his words.

"Sure, Mac," he said, smiling.

When Mac opened her eyes, she looked down at what Harm had placed in her hands. "Harm?" she asked, her eyes widening in surprise. Looking up at his face, she added, "I never even knew you kept it."

"Of course I kept it," he said, his smile not fading. "It was the best present I got that birthday."

Mac laughed, "Must have been a slow year."

"I want you to keep it," Harm replied. "Since I'll be in the sky, you can have a piece of that sky in your office while I'm gone."

Mac again looked at Harm, blinking rapidly at the tears that sought to fill her eyes. "Thank you," she managed finally. "Although I still can't believe you kept a toy."

Harm smiled, "It was more the thought behind the gift. I wouldn't have imagined getting rid of it."

"That's sweet, Harm. Who knew you had a sentimental side?" Mac asked with a grin, glancing down at the toy that was sitting in her lap.

"Just don't let it get around," Harm replied with a laugh. His smile faded as he added, "If I leave it with you, in a way I'll be here all the time."

Mac smiled. "I'll take good care of it."

"I have no doubt," Harm said, his voice soft. Glancing around the

apartment, he added, "You keep everything in perfect condition."

"Compared to your apartment, this is a disaster area," Mac retorted, laughing.

Harm nodded, "Accurate observation, Councillor."

"Stop it," she replied, playfully slapping him on the arm.

After a few minutes of silence, Harm said, "I will be back, Mac." Mac nodded, but didn't say anything in response. Again touching her cheek with his palm, he added, "Trust me."

Nodding, Mac responded, "I do trust you, Harm."

"Good. Because I don't think I could stand losing that."

Determined not to cry in front of him again, she blinked the moisture away from her eyes. "Now, Fly-Boy, you have a flight in six hours and forty-three minutes."

Laughing, he commented, "I'm not even going to ask how you do that."

"Just as well, because I wouldn't tell anyway," she said with a grin. Standing, she said, "Come on, you need to get home and get some sleep."

Following Mac to the door, he replied, "You're right." Grabbing his jacket, he turned to face Mac before she could open the door. "But I don't regret coming over here tonight."

"I'm glad you did," she replied even as she found herself staring at him, trying to memorize every feature of his face. Seconds later and she added, "I'm going to miss you."

"I'll call you after I get settled in at Pensacola," Harm replied. Pulling on his jacket, he too was busy memorizing Mac's face as she stood there in the faint light. Neither said anything for a moment before Harm asked, "Mac?"

Startled from her gaze, she said, "Yeah?"

Instead of responding, Harm placed his hands on both sides of her face. Leaning forward, his lips met hers in a hungry kiss.

"Harm . . ." Mac tried to speak when the kiss ended, but was interrupted by Harm's finger on her lips.

In a moment, he moved his finger and they kissed again. Instead of the fierce contact of the previous kiss, the touch was instead gentle and soft, a whirlwind of emotions caught up in the caress.

"I'm going to miss you, too," he said when the kiss ended, as he moved to rest his forehead against hers. "And I will be back."

Mac closed her eyes tightly, and leaned into the embrace as his hands wrapped around her shoulders. "You better," she whispered a moment later.

Moving out of the embrace, Harm kissed her on the forehead. In a whisper, he added, "Try and stop me."

Opening the door, Harm ducked out into the hallway. Turning to look at Mac, he added, "This isn't a goodbye."

Shaking her head, Mac smiled. "No. It's not goodbye."

Harm's face broke into a smile. "Don't do anything stupid while I'm away."

"Wouldn't dream of it," she replied. "Getting in trouble isn't as much fun when you're not around."

Never one to always follow, Mac stepped into the hallway and pulled Harm into one last kiss. The passion of the first met with the sensitivity of the second, and for a moment both forgot what was happening.

Pulling back, Mac stepped away and said, "Goodnight, Harm."

"'Night, Mac," he replied with a smile and walked down the hall to the elevator and out of sight.

End

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file.